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Fools in Love



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Chapter 1 by Jayde Avalon

I should've been paying attention to the lecture, but I couldn't. I bet you couldn't either, if you were me. She's too perfect not to watch like a child watches a majestic butterfly. That copper hair curling down to her waist...that perfect, perfect figure...those creamy, delicate fingers, constantly tapping an invisible keyboard...those scintillating golden-brown eyes...it was too much. I had to get her attention somehow.

But how does a class clown get the Secretary of Defense's daughter's attention?

Chapter 2 by Grace1517



How indeed, I looked around and noticed all of the jocks staring at her too. Great, competition. Everyone knows that jocks get the girls not class clowns. When I looked back, she looked at me with those beautiful golden-brown eyes. I looked over my shoulder to see if there was anyone else behind me, nope. She was looking at me and I felt my stomach flutter the slightest bit. She smiled and turned back to the lecture.

After class, she approached me and asked if I wanted to hang out sometime and gave me her phone number. I saw some of the jocks give me venomous glares. I smiled like an idiot the rest of the school day.

When I got home that afternoon, I saw a text from her. I quickly replied. We made plans to go to the coffee shop nearby.

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Chapter 2 by Grace1517



Of course, since the Secretary of Defense was so important her going missing was a big deal. From the news, I found out that her name was Angela. A beautiful name for a beautiful girl. I suspected that one of the jocks had kidnapped her out of jealousy, I just didn't know which one. I was one of the suspects, but why would I kidnap her if we were going to hang out anyway, I thought that was pretty stupid of the police. I looked around to see many of the jocks were getting questioned too, mostly the ones that had glared at me when Angela had chosen me over them. I searched their faces, for something, anything, that might hint that they had done it. They had taken away my sweet Angela, they had taken my dreams away from me. They better hope that I don't find out which one of them did it, or they would be very sorry....

Chapter 4 by David Raymond



Though I saw no signs in any of their faces, I knew it was one of them. As I finished talking to the officer questioning me, I happened to glance up and caught one of the jocks, a smug look on his face looking at me. I knew him well, he was our school's star quarterback. His name was Henry Thomas. I thanked the officer and walked out of the police station, already forming a plan.

Chapter 5 by



Henry Thomas. I knew him. Oh, I knew him well. He was the kind of guy you didn't want to cross. Only, I did. I didn't just coincidentally become the class clown - he made me one. It wasn't too long ago when he decided I was the reason he wasn't getting as much attention as he deserved anymore because I was starting to gain fame as the school's prankster. So he tried to get 'revenge' by posting a video of me with my friends fooling about, pulling pranks and just having a carefree time. However, instead of humiliating me (his intended goal), I gained more fame as 'the funny guy'. People thought I was hilarious or utterly mad - I was one of those people you could either love or loathe. I was a bit uncomfortable in the beginning but after a while I loosened up. I suited my role as the class clown. I loved it. Except for the fact that I was only the class clown - nothing fancy like the Secretary of Defence's child. Maybe it was time to prove myself.

I had pulled many pranks in my life, but this would be the most important one by far. This would have to fool everyone, including Henry Thomas. He was going to be friend

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I had started making extra efforts in football practice, finding ways to compliment the guy (even though it was hard to stop myself from gritting my teeth and lashing out). Whatever I could do, I did. I did it for her. I was edging my way into sitting with his group of friends, who were mostly jocks too. They were easy prey, quite nice and outgoing too, so I targeted them without much difficulty. It wasn't long until I was invited to go to one of Thomas' famous house parties. It was a typical 'my-parents-are-away-let's-wreck-the-house' parties, which meant 1) he must have been hiding her well if Thomas had the courage to throw a party, but 2) it was also the perfect opportunity to search the house for clues, or even her. The police didn't seem to be getting far as it had been two weeks and I was pretty much in the clear, but so was Henry - I had not idea how.

The evening of the party came around quickly and I got ready to leave my house. Phone? Check. Flashlight? Check. Bobby pins? Check. (And, yes, I had taught myself to pick locks; it was actually quite handy). I took a deep breath. This could be the best chance I got for a long time - I couldn't afford to mess up or get caught (which were basically one and the same). Worse, I couldn't afford to not find anything.

But it was too late to turn back now.

Chapter 6 by Isabelle



I was about to walk into his house when I noticed a large, run down barn to the side of it. Walking in to hear whimpers, I looked around me for the source; it seemed to be coming from every direction. Finally, I saw a floorboard was out of place. I lifted it up and with the help of my flashlight, and I could see she was there. Right then and there I hadn't noticed she wasn't moving. I suppose I was just filled with too much emotion at the time to notice her lack of consciousness. After scrambling to pull up a few more boards, I was able to drag her out. She was breathing, however lightly and she was completely covered in scratches. The scratches where what scared me the most, they weren't scratches you get when there is some sort of dog or animal. These scratches, it seemed, were inflicted by something of higher intelligence. I attempted to do what I had seen people in movies do with unconscious or injured bodies when

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"Look who is awake." I said in a quivering voice that I tried to steady in an attempt to match her humor and bravery. "Are you well enough to stand up, I can help, but I can't lift you on my own." I continued.

"Are you calling me fat?" She whispered, whilst she tried to stand with my assistance, legs shaking. Things got easier after we were standing. We made our way on step at a time with such a distracting effort that I almost failed to notice the shadow blocking our exit.

Chapter 7 by



Uh oh. This would be a bit harder to get out of. Slowly, I reached into my pocket for my phone, my hand creeping closer and closer to being able to alert the police or at least record anything that would happen soon as evidence. Suddenly, Henry spoke.

"You've found her. Well done, lover boy, it turns out you're not as stupid as everyone imagines... although it did take you an awful long time to find the girl... Angela." He turned to Angela with a mocking grin on his face. "Oh Angela, why couldn't you have chosen me instead. My reputation was already damaged by that clown and you went and turned down me for him too. Me - a jock. Nobody turns me down."

His grin turned menacing as he slowly stepped towards us two. Staring so intently at Angela, he didn't notice me dialling the police behind my back.

"Soon, I was going to tell everyone I had found Angela. I'd be a hero... And you're not going to stop me."

He sped up, now veering towards me and brandished a heavy cricket bat that I hadn't realised he was holding. Grabbing Angela's hand, I started to sprint to the back of the barn, quickly ducking behind some crates.

"Angela, I'll distract him. When you get the chance, get out and call the police. Here's my phone - it's already dialling. Ready? Go!" I whisper urgently, throwing my phone to Angela and straightening up. Angela nods, and I shuffle out of our temporary hiding place.

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"Wait... What?" Henry skids to a stop. Quickly, I take advantage of his confusion and grab a little wooden crate that is actually quite heavy and strong. Hiding it behind my back, I walk towards him.

"Yeah. I'm sorry, I didn't know you liked Angela too, so I blackmailed her into giving me her number to impress you because you're like my idol. You're popular and all the guys want to be like you, all the girls want to be with you..." I fed him lies after lies, and he lapped them up like someone who had been deprived of water for days, basking in all the fake compliments I was showering him with.

As I edged closer, I glimpsed a figure - Angela - darting around the side of the barn to the exit. Unfortunately, so did Henry.

Letting out a roar of anger, he broke out of the carefully weaved trance I had hypnotised him with for a few precious moments, which were sadly not enough. He spun on his heel and ran towards Angela, catching up quickly to the tired and weak girl. But I was quicker.

I set off after Henry, and when I was close enough, I swung the crate I was still holding with all my might. It hit him hard on the head, dazing him enough for Angela to finally escape.

A fist knocked me off balance before I could follow. And another. And another. Henry's fists kept flying at my face and ribs, blood and pain exploding from each impact. I kicked my foot out and it connected with the back of his leg, sending him crashing to the floor. Grabbing my shirt, he pulled me down too, holding me in a vice like grip on the floor. I punched him in the gut and rolled over and so it went on for ages until I was so exhausted, I would have collapsed if not for the interruption.

After a good few broken bones and future bruises, a voice boomed "Stop!" Rough hands grasped my arms and hauled Henry and me apart.

Wiping away the blood staining my face, I looked up to find a group of men in uniform clustered around us, with stern intimidating looks on their faces. Finally, the police were here.

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We were safe
Angela was safe

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Chapter 8 by Paranoid



I can never describe the look on Angela's face when Henry got into the police car. All I know is afterward Angela looked me in the face, and kissed me on the cheek. I just about fainted. The next day I picked her up from her house, and we fell madly in love. I will never forget how we met, my whole life I have looked back on our experience, and even now that we are all grown up, I know I could never have done it without Henry.

the end

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